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# Puck

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## A WARNING.

UNCLE SAM.—Look here, Sonny; it might n't look well for a big fellow like me to lick a little fellow like you,—but if you rile me too much, I'll have to do it.



## PUCK.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT IS HARD work being a big nation. Bigness means not only strength but weakness. Anyone can see that, other things being equal, a big man is at a certain disadvantage in a contest with a little one, in that he is heavier and less capable of quick action; and that he has more personal territory, so to speak, to protect. But the greatest danger of being big is of a more subtle and spiritual character. It lies in the temptation to misuse a colossal strength; to substitute the arbitration of despotic power for fair dealing and humanity. This is the temptation that makes bullies of big men with small minds.

As with men, so with nations. A great national name, unbounded wealth, abundant resources, and all the elements that go to make up conscious power have been too often associated on the pages of history with cruel oppression of the weak and with brutal exploits of aggrandizement. Even in our modern days we have an instance of almost mediæval barbarism in the foreign policy of Great Britain, so far as it concerns uncivilized or semi-civilized lands. It is not only in her eagerness to extend her dominion and to grasp at the unappropriated wealth of the barbaric world that she has offended against the higher laws of civilization: her most flagrant inhumanities have been committed for no practical or profitable end, in what seems sometimes a spirit of pure wantonness and for an idle display of brute force — witness, for instance, her dealings with Africa, North and South. Yet the individual Englishman is not given over to idle cruelty; and the British nation, as a whole, is capable of a broad humanity. The people who sent their ships to bombard Alexandria for no decently avowable reason are, we must remember, the same people who fought the African slave trade at a time when Americans were seriously discussing the question whether human slavery were not a divine institution, sanctioned, and, indeed, ordained by the Holy Scriptures.

More than anything else, it is the intoxication of the consciousness of its strength that leads the British nation into the excesses that have given it the reputation of a great bully among the nations of the world. It is extravagant in the use of its power, as a rich man may be extravagant in the use of his wealth. But there are other causes for the domineering, unfair, inhumane, hit-the-small-boy policy of Great Britain. There is, ingrained in the English character, a good deal of natural brutality and selfishness, of disregard for the feelings of others, and of reckless and unreasonable self-assertion. It is not by any means the dominant force in the make-up of the British character; but it is there, as a positive force, and it becomes for the time the dominant force — the leading motive — when the feeling of power goes to the British head, and the British mind, which entertains but one idea at a time, is filled with the notion of displaying the grandeur of Great Britain by overawing or crushing out an inferior power.

Now, the question that lies before our American people, to-day, is just this: are we, a big people, with a big navy — and a new navy — bullying the little nation of Chile? Are we magnifying a commonplace broil between our sailors and her citizens into an international offense? Are we making much of little, and seeking an occasion to show a weak people how strong we are, regardless of right or wrong? If we are, the best thing we can do, humiliating as it may be, is to get out of the entanglement at once, as gracefully as possible; but without any delay that may be unfair or unjust to the weaker party. But if we are not guilty of any such meanness — if we are resenting a real insult to our flag — if we are dealing with a hot-headed and irresponsible government that contumaciously refuses to treat us with the respect that is our due — why, there are only two things to do: either to demand and to receive from Chile a full and satisfactory apology and a proper indemnity, or to take hold of that perky little state, and administer to it the sort of correction that can only be described as a good, sound spanking.

Are we fair in the matter, or are we not? So far as the judgement of this paper goes, we are fair. So many vital facts have been, (properly enough, no doubt,) withheld from the public, that the best judgement must be more or less blind; but it seems to us that through all this long complication, our government has been thoroughly fair, deliberate, and careful

to resist all temptation to misuse its power. And it seems to us that Americans should be well content to leave the settlement of the whole matter absolutely in the hands of the government, and to abide by that decision, whatever it may be, with cheerful and hearty loyalty.

It may seem strange that we should speak with such confidence of the probable action of a government composed of three powers, two of which represent an economic policy which we hold to be unjust and hurtful to the country. But there is nothing strange about it. This is no question of economics. It is a question that must test every man's love and respect for his country, and nothing else. We may differ with President Harrison about matters of policy and national business, and we do differ with him on most of the important issues of to-day; but when we say that we are sure that he and the Senate that thinks with him, and the House of Representatives that thinks the other way, will see that the honor of this country is preserved in the present complication, we only re-affirm our often affirmed belief that no vagaries, twists or turns of political opinion can affect the soundness of mind and fearless loyalty that lies at the bottom of the American character. We do not believe that there is any trace of the bully or the wanton despot in the composition of that character. And we believe that it is fairly represented, with all its short-comings and with all its strength, in the present government of the United States. What that government decides to do in the matter of Chile, it will do, not as a Democratic or a Republican government; but as an American government; and when its decision is rendered, all American citizens may feel safe in simply saying Yea, and doing just what the government tells them to do.

The three New York State Senators lately "in contempt" deserve the thanks of the Commonwealth for their inability to conceal an opinion which is shared by the larger and better part of their fellow-citizens. There is just one way in which the people of the state can be induced to overlook the shady methods employed by its late Governor in obtaining a Democratic majority in the State Senate; and that is for that body to attend strictly to business, legislating in a business-like manner for the benefit of the whole state, taking no undue advantage of its newly acquired power, repairing the manifest injustices of its Republican predecessors, and at least abstaining from making itself ridiculous — a direction in which it can never succeed while it acknowledges the domination of its rampant young chairman. However, we have heard very little of "Tom Reedism" since the last Congressional elections; and "Sheehanism," its latest and most feeble imitation, will soon put on rubbers, and steal noiselessly after its more distinguished original into Oblivion.



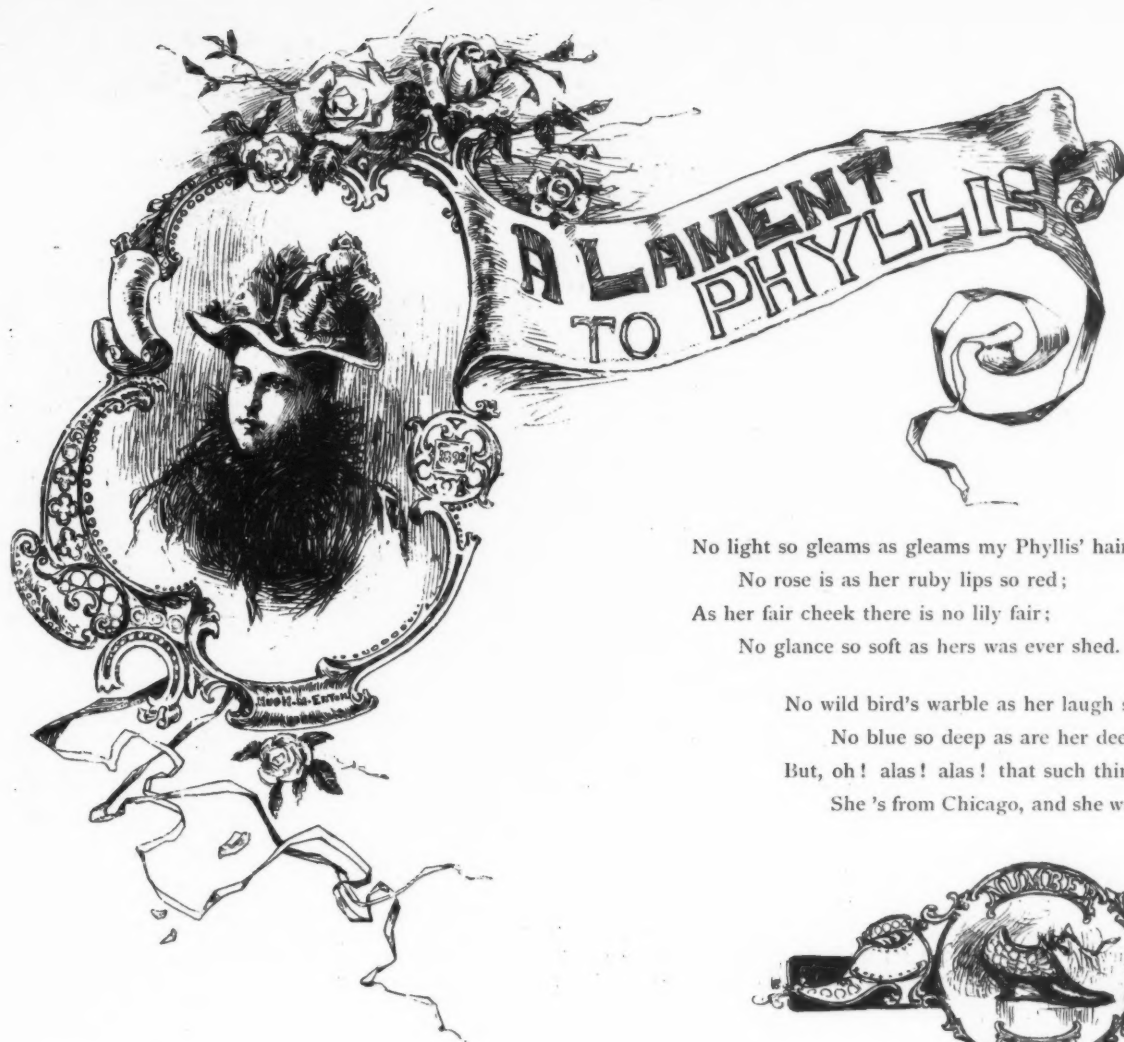
## WIFELY GRATITUDE.

MRS. PENWIPER. — John, I wish you would dress better.

PENWIPER. — It takes all the money I can rake and scrape to pay for your clothes.

MRS. PENWIPER. — It's too bad! I'm actually ashamed to walk out with you!

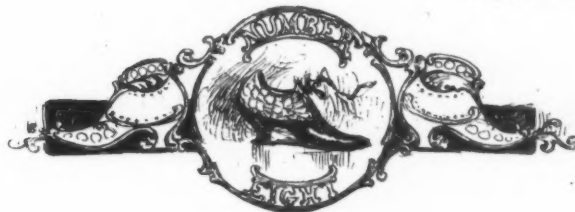




No light so gleams as gleams my Phyllis' hair;  
 No rose is as her ruby lips so red;  
 As her fair cheek there is no lily fair;  
 No glance so soft as hers was ever shed.

No wild bird's warble as her laugh so free;  
 No blue so deep as are her deep blue eyes;  
 But, oh! alas! alas! that such things be,  
 She's from Chicago, and she wears — this size.

*Hugh M. Eaton.*



#### THE COLONEL'S ERROR.

COL. BLOOD (*of Kentucky*).—Do you know, Colonel, I actually saw snakes last night.

COL. GORE (*of the same State*).—What kind of snakes were they, Colonel?

"They seemed like water-snakes, Colonel."

"Colonel, I'm afraid you've been diluting your whiskey."



#### AN OLD SONG.

Listen to the Ticker's click  
 All the livelong day;  
 With its never ending tick  
 Fade my hopes away.  
 Stocks on which I had "bull tips"  
 Never cease to drop,  
 While the stocks I sell, insist  
 On climbing to the "stop."

*Geo. W. Day.*

#### IN CHICAGO.

MR. STRANGER.—Have you no Orphan Asylum here?

MR. GRANGER.—What do we need of such an institution? Under our liberal divorce laws every child has more parents than he knows what to do with.

A DIPLOMAT, Freddy, is a man who is wise enough courteously to send you away with a lot of misfit information that you can't understand, while keeping the real facts strictly behind his own personal teeth.

THERE IS NO use in turning over a new leaf unless you have something sensible to write on the page.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME—But that's no excuse for loafing there instead of looking for a place.



#### THE FIRST REQUISITE.

MR. DROPTIN.—Look here, old fellow; excuse my frankness; but why in thunder don't you have that child's hair cut?

MR. FORESITE.—Not for worlds, dear boy—I intend to make a professional pianist out of him!

# MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up.

## ALICE GUMBLETON'S GRAY CAT.

THE VILLAGE OF GUMBLETOWN was like Brer Rabbit in that it lay low. But nevertheless it boasted the proud possession of a hotel, seven churches, a wholesale store and a small steam fire-engine of brilliant appearance and untried ability.

Stay, there was also a high school, the Gumbletown Free Academy as it was called, at which the youth of both sexes applied their ruby lips to the Pierian Spring with edifying results.

The school prospered with a large and unctuous prosperity, and the number of its scholars increased and multiplied until it became necessary to engage an additional professor. He came from—no matter where—it was over the hills and far away. And he looked it.

He was a wonderfully handsome man, and his name was Bartholomew Spunk. He was a chemist by profession, and he had become so fond of communing with Nature in her secret moods that it was well nigh impossible to induce him to communicate with anything else; especially if anything else had long hair and wore skirts. Professor Spunk had no

fear of unmentionable chlorides nor of indescribable oxides; but he was afraid of woman, lovely woman. She was not afraid of him, however; but, so far as she was of Gumbletown extraction, she spent much of her time in endeavoring to get a good look at the Professor's eyes, which were said to be very beautiful.

Bartholomew Spunk took up his abode in a moss-covered boarding-house, where the fried steaks and the coffee grounds sang together as morning stars, and the cold boiled ham came out on the eastern horizon as the sun slipped down the West. The Professor came and went in silence, and he lived his daily life in his own solitary fashion.

Every evening he went out into the garden beside the house and smoked his big briarwood pipe, a relic of college days. The garden was pretty, and just on the other side of the fence was another still prettier. The Professor frequently peered through the fence at this garden and wondered who kept it in such exquisite order. If he had known that every time he peeped through that fence he was watched closely and by a young woman, he would have sunk through the earth, if he could.

In the next house lived the remnants of one of the primeval families of Gumbletown. Even that isolated village had old families and blue blood, and when old Johnathan Gumbleton, after whom the town was named, had died forty years before, he left two young sons, who hastened to marry and extend the family.

The widow of one of these sons lived in the house to which belonged the pretty garden. She had a daughter, and that daughter's name was Alice Mary Gumbleton. Blue blood frequently declines to associate with beauty, but in this case it did not. Alice Mary Gumbleton was as beautiful a creature as one, or even two, could wish to see. Her hair was as black as the shades of night; her large eyes were a deep, soft brown; her complexion was like the bloom on a lily; and her mouth—well, there is no way to describe her mouth except by saying it was one of the most enticing features on earth. Miss Alice Mary Gumbleton resembled Professor Bartholomew Spunk in one thing: she was bashful. Not all the awkwardly expressed admiration which the swains of Gumbletown had laid so generously at her feet had ever been sufficient to inspire her with the smallest portion of that self-confidence which usually animates a belle. She was hopelessly shy, and her conversation was terribly monosyllabic—except to her cat.

Alice Mary Gumbleton had a Maltese cat upon which she lavished the treasures of her heart and her intellect. Every one who ever saw that cat said it was the wisest-looking animal in the world. And it ought to

have been wise; for Alice Mary talked to it by the hour and gave it the choice results of her long periods of silence and meditation. The name of the cat was Jane. And the cat was as beautiful as its name. Yet in spite of Alice's devotion to this animal she was obliged one day to speak to the Professor, or I should say that it was because of her devotion.

A few doors away from the home of the fair Alice dwelt a hideous youth whose favorite companion was a large bull-dog. This bull-dog was like unto the rest of his kind. He loved not man nor beast. His soul was filled with perpetual gloom, and he went about the world with a depressed—I might say hang-dog—look which boded no one good. One day Alice was aroused from a deep meditation by a series of heart-rending shrieks followed by a dire discord of hissing and spitting, which she at once recognized as being the product of the energies of Jane. Rushing to her window she beheld the dear cat mounting the fence with less dignity than haste. At the foot of the fence stood the obnoxious bull-dog, looking very angry.

"Oh, my beautiful Jane!" screamed Miss Alice. She rushed from the house with a broom in her hand prepared to meet death in the defense of her pet. But when the dog wheeled round and prepared to resist her onslaught, she paused and changed her tactics.

"Go away, you nasty beast!" she said. But the dog failed to catch the idea, and remained where he was, still keeping a watchful eye on the cat.

"Oh, dear!" said Alice, "what shall I do?"

At that moment the Professor entered his garden by the front gate, having just returned from school.

His eyes fell upon Alice, who was a lovely picture of despair, as she stood gazing at the ferocious dog and the unhappy cat. The Professor was speechless with admiration. He stared at Alice as he had never dared to look at woman before. Then his scattered senses began to return to him, and he felt the blood mounting to his forehead, while his heart was going like a steam fire-engine. He gazed about him and finally perceived the cat, but not the dog.

"Can I—shall I—that is—I beg pardon—but—but—do you want the cat?" he stammered.

"Yes, sir; if you—if you—p-p-please, sir," was the reply.

The Professor advanced slowly and hesitatingly toward the fence. Suddenly he heard a low growl. He paused and looked around; but, seeing nothing, again advanced.

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice; "take care—there's a h-h-hole in the fence; he can get through."

The Professor stooped and peered between the pickets. Then he saw the bull-dog. The next moment the Professor had vanished into the house.

"Ah-h!" screamed Alice; "please to come back and save Jane."

She had miscalculated the Professor's gallantry. In another moment he re-appeared bearing in his hand a huge navy revolver.

"Please to go into—the house," he said; "I might hit you."

But Alice remained transfixed with breathless anticipation. The Professor advanced cautiously toward the fence. When he had reached

a position from which he could see the dog, he pointed the pistol carefully, turned away his head, shut his eyes and pulled the trigger. There was a tremendous report; splinters flew in every direction and a cloud of smoke obscured the Professor's view. The astonished dog laid back his ears and fled down the street as if he thought that the end of the world





had come. No sooner had he gone than Alice rushed forward, seized the unhappy cat, and, pressing the animal convulsively to her bosom, rushed into the house. When the Professor got the smoke out of his eyes, and found that girl, cat and dog had all disappeared, he marvelled greatly at the extent of his own prowess; and had he not caught a glimpse of Alice through the window, would certainly have gone and surrendered himself to the town constable.



The next day the Professor rose early and robbed his landlady. He stole a saucer of milk and went out to look for— for the gray cat, of course. He found Jane basking in the sunlight. As a basker in the sunlight there was no cat that could surpass Jane. The Professor stole through the opening in the fence and set the saucer of milk under Jane's whiskers. At that instant a window flew open, a fair head popped out, and a timid voice said:

"Thank you."

Then the window shut with a bang, the Professor jumped clear over the fence and disappeared. When he returned from school that afternoon he found a note on his table. It said:

*I meant "thank you" for saving Jane, not for milk.*

That was all. Day after day the Professor fished vainly for an opportunity to see that girl again; but he could not. He had vague suspicions that she watched him from behind half-closed blinds and half-drawn window curtains; but he could not verify his suspicions. They were true enough. Poor Alice! She was in a miserable state of mind on account of her own dreadful forwardness in sending that note. But the damage was done now.

The Professor sought consolation in the society of Jane. With stolen saucers of milk he enticed the cat through the fence, and finally up to his room. There he used to pick the purring animal up, walk about the room with her in his arms, and mumble ridiculous nonsense in her dun-colored ear.



"She's the mos' boofulest lady in world, Kitty. Yes, s'e is. Don' you wag you' ear an' say s'e's not. An' ole p'ofessor, he jus' lubs her— um-m-m so much. But you mus' n' tell, Kitty."

And Jane did n't. She never said a word about it. It's strange, too; because when she went home, her mistress used to seize her and embrace her, and say:

"Oh, Jane, darling, you've been to see *him*! And I'm sure he must have kissed you, because you're so lovely. I wonder where. Oh, it must have been right there on your beautiful forehead! There, there, there!"

It was strange that Jane held her peace after that; but she was a wise cat, and knew that time works wonders. Perhaps if Jane had known what wonders time had in store for her—but no matter. One day Jane went to the Professor's room when he was out. Jane waited some time, and then, becoming restless, she began to wander about the room. Over in a corner she saw a lot of bottles. She decided to examine them. She did so. One of them fell over against another. There was a flash, a report, a yell of anguish; and Jane rushed from the house a sad and grewsome sight. Hairless, black, and feeble, the once glorious Jane went home and lay down at her mistress's feet. A quarter of an hour later, Professor Bartholomew Spunk, entering the gate of his plain and substantial boarding-house, was confronted by the figure of a weeping maiden.

"It's all your fault!" exclaimed Alice. "If you had let my darling Jane alone, and had n't coaxed her into your house, it would have been all right. Now—now—she's gone—and gone—and got herself—all—all—blown up—and she'll die—and, oh, and oh—oh—I h-h-hate you!"

Bartholomew Spunk turned deadly pale.

"Alas!" he said; "and is Jane blown up? But—but—what can I say? Perhaps—that is—Miss Alice—may be—well—will you take—me instead of the cat?"

She looked up into his eyes. Then she decided that a gray cat was not the help that was meet for her.

W. J. Henderson.



#### NOT NECESSARY.

TOM BIGBEE.—Howell Gibbon has a new English overcoat; and when he comes around, tell him it does n't fit, just for a joke.

G. WASHINGTON SMITH.—But I don't want to tell a lie.

TOM BIGBEE.—You won't have to.

#### JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

JULIA.—What did you give your Brooklyn friend for Christmas that made him so pleased?

MARIE.—A ready-made plush necktie.

#### HOW NATURE APPORTIONS.

"He hardly seems bright enough to run a paper."

"Oh, pshaw! he does n't run it—he owns it."

#### HE WOULD FIND IT SO.

MRS. FROST.—Now, Benny, if you go skating without permission you'll catch it.

BENNY FROST.—Why, it is n't contagious, is it, Mama?

#### A DISTURBER OF THE PEACE.

MAGISTRATE.—What is the charge against this citizen?

POLICEMAN.—Distoorbin' th' pace, y'r anner. He waz rünnin' an' yellin' "stop thafe."

MAGISTRATE.—Was n't he really chasing a thief?

POLICEMAN.—Oi did n't ax, y'r anner.



"JUST ABOVE HIS BREATH."

INFANT DAMNATION—The Cigarette Industry.

LIGHTNING TALKERS—Fire Insurance Agents.

A GRIP-SACK—The Doctor's Saddle-bags.

"SUCCESS WITH SMALL FRUITS"—Twenty Years' Service at One Desk.

THE MAN who laughs in his sleeve should be relegated to the society of him who talks through his hat.

#### BETTER THAN NOTHING.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—What are you wearing a Spring overcoat in the middle of Winter for?

UPSON DOWNES.—To help me keep warm.

#### AN AMICABLE AGREEMENT.

She wore the violets of Yale,  
And I, a Harvard rose;  
And, though she seemed so slight and frail,  
We almost came to blows.

With wordy argument we fought,  
With passion and fatigue,  
Until, at last—a happy thought!—  
We formed "A dual league."

Harry Romaine.



#### A WISH REALIZED.

POET.—I do wish something that rhymes with "boat" would strike me!

# BLOWING THEM OFF — A TALE OF THESE DYNAMITE DAYS.



FRAYED KEEGAN.—What! No boodle?—



—Den up she goes!—



—An' down she goes!—



—Dey kin make fun of de tomatter-can all dey likes; but it got a move on dat crowd.

## PEOPLE OF UNEXCEPTIONABLE TASTE.



THE acquaintance who regrets that he has not your exquisite artistic taste.

The photographer who says you are really one of the finest subjects he ever had.

The tailor who says it is a pleasure to make a suit for the man with a figure like yours.

The individual who always laughs vociferously at your puns.

The man who pronounces your dinner absolutely faultless.

The lady whom you overhear whisper to a friend that you are the cleverest man she knows.

The visitor who remarks that your boy is the handsomest little fellow he ever saw, and that he bears a striking resemblance to you.

S. E. T.

## EXPLAINED.

I was the first to compliment  
Her on the beauty of her sacque;  
Yet, when she passes now, her eyes  
A smile of recognition lack.

'T is not because I've jilted been  
She passes by so proud and chill —  
A salesman in a store am I,  
And she resides on Murray Hill.

DEBTS ARE queer things. When  
they are outlawed they are a  
good deal less troublesome then when  
in full legal standing.

ONE OF the strange sights of our  
city is a moving van standing still.  
It is almost as odd as a police-officer  
getting a free-beer at 2 A. M., but quite  
as common.

## A CLOSER DEFINITION.

HELEN HYLER.—Then you don't consider teaching a girl how to skate a Winter sport.

JACK LEVER.—No; a Winter sport is a man who plays the Hudson Co. races.

## THE KIND OF FOWL SHE WAS N'T.

HE.—Is Daisy Leftover the goose she sometimes seems?

SHE.—Well, she's certainly no chicken.

A CAPITAL IDEA FOR WRITERS —  
Have a Little Capital in Cash  
before you Begin to Write.

OVER THE LEFT — A Right  
Cross-Counter.

THE PRIVATE man's peace  
disturbed by menace; but  
the peace of Europe seems best  
preserved by a perpetual menace  
all round.

BRANDS FROM THE BURNING  
— Mavericks.

BEWARE OF tough localities.  
If you're well-dressed, you  
'll be taken for a "crook;" if not,  
for a tramp.

SWEET MEETS — Trysts.

SOME FOLKS are so very mod-  
est that they won't even own  
up to the size of their own faults.

FALLING ASTERN — The Shingle.

THE INVESTIGATION of a grew-  
some tale generally proves that  
it grewsome since it started.



## TWO VIEWS.

MISS SMITH.—What a pretty home you have now, Mrs. Johnson! Quite Queen Anne — is it not?

MRS. JOHNSON.—Yes; Queen Anne in front, and Mary Ann at the back.





## FLEEING FROM TEMPTATION.

RESIDENT.—What! changing your residence, Darius? What's the matter?

MR. WANKLEY.—De man dat lived nex' to me put his hen-house an' his woodpile right up close to my fence, sah; an' I had to move or lose my standin' in de chu'ch, sah!

## AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

A FEATHERY SNOWFLAKE, lightly falling earthward, spake to his fellows, saying:

"We are wee; so wee we be that billions upon billions of us falling into the sea, its volume could not swell a little bit. So small, that all the myriads of us coming in a squall are mused with dust by every passing gust, and in an hour or so our name is mud. A flake of snow! 'T is but a particle of mist, a floating dampness yesterday, a frozen mite to-day, to-morrow sun-kissed—mist—whist! Evaporated—gone; no good on earth."

The good man sat upon the chair; not in it, cushioned round luxuriously, but on its edge, with hat in hand, and great-coat open wide; and bending forward, earnestly he talked in gentle tones; and on one side a bald old millionaire sat listening with his head upon the cushioned chair-back, gazing at the ornate ceiling, while his two hands rested quietly upon his rounded paunch.

And on the other side a whiskered plutocrat reclined with comfort in his aspect and thumbs stuck in the pockets of his vest.

The good man spoke his tale impressively, and seemed to bring into the very room the poor—the freezing poor—the sick, the starving women, pinched and blue; and talking, turned alternately to Baldy and to Whiskers.

And while he spoke to one, the other, half-way touched, but not responsive, watched his friend to note if he were touched a little, too; and when the good man shifted round the other millionaire took on the furtive look.

The room was hot; and Whiskers, while the good man spoke to Baldy, softly rose and lowered the window sash an inch. And while he stood with upturned face, a little,



## HIGHLY PROPAH.

"The high handshake is a trifle awkward at times; but it's the correct thing."

feathery snowflake, an infinitesimal fragment of the storm, fluttered in and struck him in the eye.

He brushed away the moisture as he turned, and Baldy saw it glistening on his cheek; and Baldy spoke up straight and quick:

"I'll give five hundred, sir," he said; and Whiskers, starting with surprise but not to be outdone, said he would give five hundred, too.

The snowflake murmured as he struck: "My luck! Before I even reach the ground I'm drowned. I'm water—mist—whist! Back to heaven I go, and not a thing accomplished here below."

Morris Waite.

THE *Chicago Inter Ocean* offers three prizes for the best pen and ink sketch of a male or a female figure typical of Chicago. "The United States has her Uncle Sam; England has her John Bull; New York has her Father Knickerbocker; Philadelphia has her William Penn. Chicago has nothing to typify her in a pictorial way," says *The Inter Ocean*; and, fearing that one figure could not sufficiently represent the vast and varied interests of that inland and spread-overland metropolis, demands three, at once, and at an expense of three hundred and fifty dollars. And the rank outsider, as well as the rank insider, can see *The Inter Ocean* pay its money, and take his choice of "Drover Stockyards," of "Betsy Bigfeet," or of "Willy Windbag" as the "Art Thought" of Chicago may coincide with his own opinions and predilections.



## A MODEL WANTED.

TOM GINN.—I wish you to paint for me a picture of a dollar note, to place on my bar.

D'AUBER.—Will you pay me in advance?

TOM GINN (*indignantly*).—Sir, I am good enough for a hundred times what you will charge me.

D'AUBER.—I know that, sir. Would you mind furnishing the model, then?

## A KINDLY THOUGHT.

It is always well to be charitable. The woman who enters a theater after the performance has commenced may have been obliged to wait until she washed up her dinner-dishes.

## NO WONDER.

He breathed a song into the air,  
There was a riot then and there;  
The gallery-gods yelled loud and long,  
For, "In the Gloaming" was the song.

EVEN IN the crowded street-car there is plenty of room at the top.

ANGER DOES not always choose the aptest words; but a man is right in saying, "Holy smoke!" when he is incensed.





A DIFFERENCE  
According to Reports, the Czar Denies that





ANCE OF OPINION.  
denies that there is Any Famine in Russia.

## TABITHA TWITTERS ON THE TONGUE.

I HEV READ that Silence is the ornament of the femail sect; and Hiram, quotin St. Paul, reminds me that women should keep silence in the churches (meanin also elsewhere), but I 'd like to know if the femails of Paul's time had n't a hard tug to keep their words from slippin out spoutageously. I am willin to admit that for *some* femails the tongue is an unruly member. I hev been



imprest with that fack on street cars, in restaurants, at concerts, lekchurs, and etsettery. I hev been an unprotected listener to the domestic affairs of the discussin femails and their intimate frends, and I hev likewise heard news about myself and my relashuns that has been a revelashun to me.

I 'm aware that there is ekselent varieties of tongues, but I 'll confine myself to the chatterin, scrutatin, naggin and scandalizin. I hev no hard feelins agin the chatterers; but I think if they cud hear me read some of their own remarks, caught in passin at public places, espeshally remarks concerning the young men of their acquaintance, for the fuchur they 'd reframe. "They always talk who never think."

There is n't a lock in your inmost soul where a scrutator wud n't try to fit a key. A few days ago I was at a dinner party next a lady whose daughter lately had an unfortnit eksperyens in her married life. Her nabor, who was perfectly familar with the circumstances, began to ask qwestyuns about her personal concerns, and suddintly blurted out with, "And is Mabel happily married?" My frend did n't answer a word, but she grew so white that I thot she wud fall from her chair; and I hope the scrutator had a pang of regret.

Much has been said regardin' the naggers since Solomon compared them to a Continual droppin in a very rainy day. We hev the diskushons of The Naggletons on the Derby, Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures, and characters add libertyum in poetry and friction. When George Eliot's Mr. Glegg protested agin his wife goin round barkin and snappin like a mad dog, he had my sympathies; notwithstanding, I hold that it's my dooty to impress Hiram with some facks by frequent remindins.

I should like to say to the scandalizers, "Be sure your sin will find you out." A short while ago some persons was talkin over a minister of my acquaintance, an sez one: "Mr. — does n't practice what he preaches." Then riz a small boy, who 'd been tappin on a window pane, an' sez he: "Well, I can tell you he does, too, for he's my papa, and I hear him practice what he preaches every Sunday morning in his study before he goes to church." And after that there was a long silence.

Recently, a frend of mine had an evenin gatherin where a distingwished Senator was minutely dissected, and nobody noticed that little Mary was listenin with attentiveness. The Senator called next day, and while he was waiting for Mrs. — Mary told him that she cud examine heads like a frenolajist and tell his character by feelin his bumps. When Mrs. — cum down a little later, she perseved Mary mounted on a chair, with her hand on the Senator's head, retailin all the informa-



## A SLIGHT COOLNESS.

SHIVVER.—This is one of those Masonic Rooms, is n't it?

MRS. DEFREES.—What do you mean, sir?

SHIVVER.—It never gets above thirty-three degrees.

shun about his character that she had taken in the evenin before. It's needless to remark that the call was short and the relashuns on both sides was somewhat straned.

Respectively,

T. TWITTERS.

M. Bourchier.

## ENTERPRISE NOT COURTED.

CALIFORNIAN.—Talking 'bout climate, why we are even trying to grow tea in Californy!

MR. DE EASTE.—I am sorry to hear that—very sorry.

CALIFORNIAN.—Why so?

MR. DE EASTE.—You might possibly succeed in raising a few ounces and then the government would slap on a tariff of five dollars a pound.

## WELL NAMED.

TUTOR.—There's a reason for all things, Mr. Scabble. Why was Sidonius called Apollinaris?

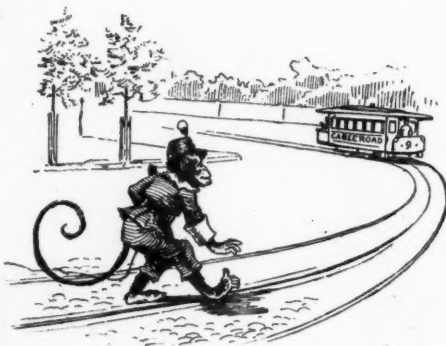
SCRABBLE, '95.—I suppose it was because he was a poet of the first water.

"A CAT MAY look at a king"—if it thinks it worth its while.

[F WISHES were horses, beggars would want to ride in electric cars.

## MONKEYING WITH THE CABLE.

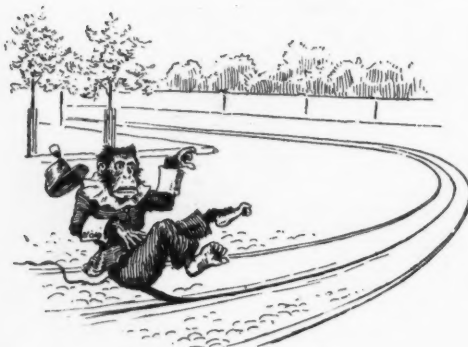
A PREHENSILE TALE.



When Jocko struck the cable-road  
He wondered how the blame thing "goed."



He peered and felt within the slot,  
And, that he had a tale, forgot.



His tale, however, downward slipped,  
And soon the cable firmly gripped.

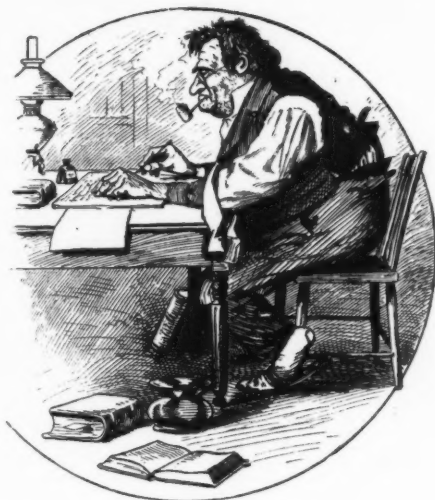


In vain his master hauled in slack,  
He could not yank poor Jocko back.



Snap! went the rope—and you 'll observe  
How neatly Jocko took the curve!





### A DIFFERENCE.

No. 1.

This is the great man as his friends knew him during life.

### IN A RESTAURANT.

ALL DISHES here with joy I view,  
With feelings of relief;  
Beef à la mode and mutton stew,  
And boiled and roasted beef.

There's toothsome chicken fricassee —  
And pudding made of rice;  
There're pumpkin pie, fromage de brie,  
And everything that's nice.

One man the turkey coldly spurns,  
And frowns upon the moose;  
Then, with a smile of rapture turns  
And orders duck or goose.

Another passes all, until  
His peace of mind has fled;  
Then smiles to find upon the bill  
Veal pot-pie and calf's head.

Another in despair gives up  
The meats and takes in glee  
An apple-dumpling and a cup  
Of English breakfast-tea.

The comic paper, just the same,  
It suits all kinds of minds —  
What unto one seems more than tame,  
Applause with others finds.

One laughs with feeling till he chokes  
And rattles every joint,  
While others read the self-same jokes  
And say they have no point.

Some roar at one thing till they weep  
All over while they shake —  
The joke that puts one man asleep  
Another keeps awake.

One man likes this, another that,  
One shouts in wildest glee  
At what another says is flat  
And stale to a degree.

With funny sketch and paragraph  
The paper with a will  
Makes every kind of "human" laugh  
Until he can't stand still.

The paper's very like in scope  
The restaurant wherein  
Some cry for hash or antelope,  
Or clams or terrapin.

R. K. M.

PUCK.

### THE POET AND THE ROSE.

(A Winter Epilogue).

THE POET.

Let me pluck thee, and madly quaff  
Thy beauty, O matchless Rose!

THE ROSE.

Hast thou two dollars and a half  
Concealed within thy "close?"

Harry Romaine.



No. 2.

This is the great man as his statue represented him, after death.

### "IF AT FIRST," ETC.

HE. — Will you be mine?

SHE. — Your what?

HE (of Chicago). — My third.

### HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (picking up gentleman's garter in Hall of Representatives). — Sir, I believe you dropped this.

HON. J. SIMPSON (looking around indignantly). — Sir!!!

### AN INTERNATIONAL HALT.

UNCLE SAM. — Say, Czar! I protest against your heartless, unjust, inhuman, cruel, brutal treatment of Russian —

THE CZAR. — Shut up, or I'll ship 'em all over to you!

(UNCLE SAM shuts up.)

### A LATITUDINARIAN OPINION.

WORLD-WIDE — Anything from a pin-prick on the Poles to a 25,000-mile circumference on the Equator.



"COMRADES."

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

Send stamp for picture, "THE PRETTY TYPEWRITER," to Short-hand School, 316 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper. 347

PUCK'S OPPER BOOK is a pamphlet of humor issued from the office of the famous PUCK. Mr. FREDERICK OPPER is one of the very few genuinely comic artists in this country, and of this limited number he is probably the funniest. His pictures are funny enough to make a laugh come without the aid of letter-press. These drawings, reprinted from PUCK, form a handsome album of some of the drollest ideas that have flowed from Mr. OPPER's pencil during the past ten years, and the person who pays thirty cents for the "Book" will easily get his money's worth. — *Norristown Herald*. PUCK'S OPPER BOOK is for sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. Mailed by the publishers on receipt of 35 cents. Send orders to

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For Brain-Workers and Sedentary People; Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 30,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, and others now using it. Send for illustrated circular, 4c. engravings; no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, New York. 389

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THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.  
A DELICIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION.



1-3 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin mailed on receipt of 25c.

CAUTION — See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper. Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 27 Lake St., Cleveland, O. 403\*

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Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists  
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We received over 75 First-Class Premiums, Medals, Cups and Certificates the past season for our New Chrysanthemums where-ever exhibited.

### How to Get Plants of the Prize Varieties Free.

Send 25c. for our NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE with 100 original photo-engravings, which is sent post-paid together with a packet of our Prize Chrysanthemum Seed. This entitles the purchaser to compete for the

## GRAND \$225 PRIZE

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**PITCHER & MANDA,**  
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**BEST REMEDY  
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**Best Home Remedy**  
for CHAPPED or CRACKED  
HANDS and LIPS,  
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for Preserving and Softening the Skin, especially  
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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Is to-day, as it  
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327 Broadway, New York.

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**CIGARS.** Sample box, by mail, 35 cents. Agents wanted. 305\*  
J. AGUIERO, 50 Fulton Street, New York.

### EVERYTHING WARRANTED.

**BULFINCH.**—Have you any indelible ink?  
**CLERK.**—Oh, yes.  
**BULFINCH.**—Warranted absolutely indelible?  
**CLERK.**—I can guarantee it absolutely. Any-  
thing more to-day?  
**BULFINCH.**—No.  
**CLERK.**—Would n't you like an eraser? Here 's  
a very fine ink eraser that I can guarantee will  
erase indelible ink in a second.—*Boston Courier.*

### NOT A BAD GUESS.

**MISS ALLSOUL.**—I take it, Mr. Longface, that  
you, too, have seen your trouble in life's voyage.  
I feel that my own sad experience gives me the  
right to speak; you 'll take no offence, I 'm sure.  
**MR. LONGFACE.**—Oh, not at all! Certainly!  
I have n't been without my affliction.

**MISS ALLSOUL** (with look of deep interest).—  
A heart trouble, I fancy.  
**MR. LONGFACE.**—Well—in that neighbor-  
hood—weak digestion.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Everything made of wood is  
varnished; some things well and  
some ill.

Do you know the difference?

We shall be glad to send you, free, the "People's Text-Book  
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varnish itself, but on varnished things; know what to expect of  
and how to care for proper varnish on house-work, piano, furni-  
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The intention is to help you avoid the losses that come of poor  
varnish, no matter who uses it!

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THE BEST MADE.

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To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of every  
eruption, impurity, and disease, whether simple,  
scrofulous, hereditary, or ul-  
cerative, no agency in the  
world is so speedy, econom-  
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Remedies, consisting of  
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To keep the skin clean is to wash  
the excretions from it off; the skin  
takes care of itself inside, if not  
blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without  
doing any sort of violence to it, re-  
quires a most gentle soap, a soap with  
no free alkali in it.

Pears' is supposed to be the only soap  
in the world that has no alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of  
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Unequaled for Delicacy of Flavor and  
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NO EXTRA FARES ON THESE TRAINS

If a man once poses as a wide-awake citizen he must not  
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Seamless shoe, without tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of fine calf,  
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**\$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed,** the finest calf shoe ever offered for \$5.00;  
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The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom made shoes  
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fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy thick soles, extension edge.

**\$2.50 fine calf, \$2.25 and \$2.00 Workingman's** are very strong and  
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**Boys' \$2.00 and \$1.75** school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere;  
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Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas's name and price are stamped on the bottom  
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Restores hair which has become thin, faded, or gray.

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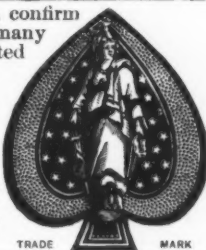
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Samples free at the stationers, or we will send twelve styles for ten cents.  
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An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow thick, soft and beautiful. Infalible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c.

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FOR THE  
**HAIR**  
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**SKIN**

ESTABLISHED 1801.

### CROPS AND PRICES.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Why are apples so high in price?

MARKET MAN.—'Cause they're scarce, Mum.

"But the papers said the crop was so enormous that apples were rotting on the trees all over the country."

"Yes'm. That's why they're scarce. It did n't pay to pick 'em." — *New York Weekly.*

### A LIBERAL OFFER.

THE JUDGE.—I fine you fifteen dollars for fast driving.

THE PRISONER.—Fast driving! that nag! I say, Jedge, will you take the hoss and ten dollars in payment for the fine? — *Yankee Blade.*

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FIRST CIRCUS MAN.—How do you manage to fill your show with only six performers?

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## Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef.

Do you want a cup of BEEF TEA? See that it is made from the GENUINE. Incomparably the best. Pure, palatable, refreshing. Dissolves clearly.

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It is always proper to call upon the superintendent of streets to "mend his ways." — *Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Every factory and workshop in the land should keep on hand Salvation Oil. 25 cents.  
The most reliable family medicine for coughs and colds is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

## ED PINAUD'S ELIXIR DENTIFRICE

278

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



IF

You don't want comfort. If you don't wish to look well dressed. If you don't want the best, then you don't want the Lace Back Suspender. Your dealer has it if he is alive. If he isn't he shouldn't be your dealer. We will mail a pair on receipt of \$1.00. None genuine without the stamp as above.

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## CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

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If out of order, use BEECHAM'S PILLS.

## Investment vs. Speculation.

"Dividend Paying Investments."

It will pay you if you have any money to invest, either large or small sums, to send for pamphlet "Investment vs. Speculation." Free to any one mentioning this paper.

**TAYLOR & RATHVON, Boston, New York or Denver.**

# "Dear Jim—

BOSTON — MASS. — February 1st, 1891.

I sincerely wish I had followed the advice you have so often given me,  
*'Never let a Barber shave you unless you are SURE that he uses  
 WILLIAMS' famous BARBERS' SOAP.'*

I know now how dangerous a thing *impure* Shaving Soap is. The other day, being in a hurry, I went into a Barber Shop near the depot to get a shave. I noticed a rank odor, when the lather was put on my face, and asked the barber if he used Williams' Soap, and he said he did not, because *it cost a little more than other kinds.*

A few days after, my face was all broken out, terribly sore, and smarting like fire. I consulted my Doctor, who told me it was a bad



## WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP."

(EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM CHARLES H. FOSTER — 34 SAVIN ST. — BOSTON — TO J. V. REED — at BUFFALO — N. Y.)

**WARNING.**—INSIST UPON IT that YOUR Barber uses WILLIAMS'.  
*Cheap soaps — like cheap clothes — are made of poor materials — contain disease germs — and cause the worst types of Skin Diseases.*

*We don't claim CHEAPNESS — but we do claim QUALITY.*

WILLIAMS' SOAP makes a leather just like rich — delicious cream — COOLING — HEALING.

case of Barber's Itch, caused by using cheap shaving soap, made of diseased and putrid fats. I have suffered the worst kind of torture for two weeks, but I have learned a lesson. No Barber can ever shave me again unless he uses,

## PENNSYLVANIA TOURS! CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO.

Leaving the EAST for CALIFORNIA FEBRUARY 24th,  
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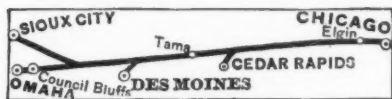
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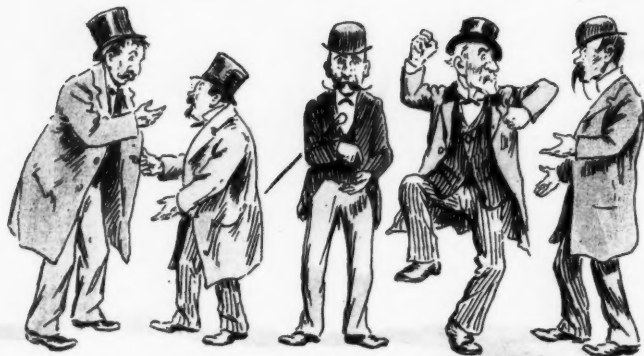
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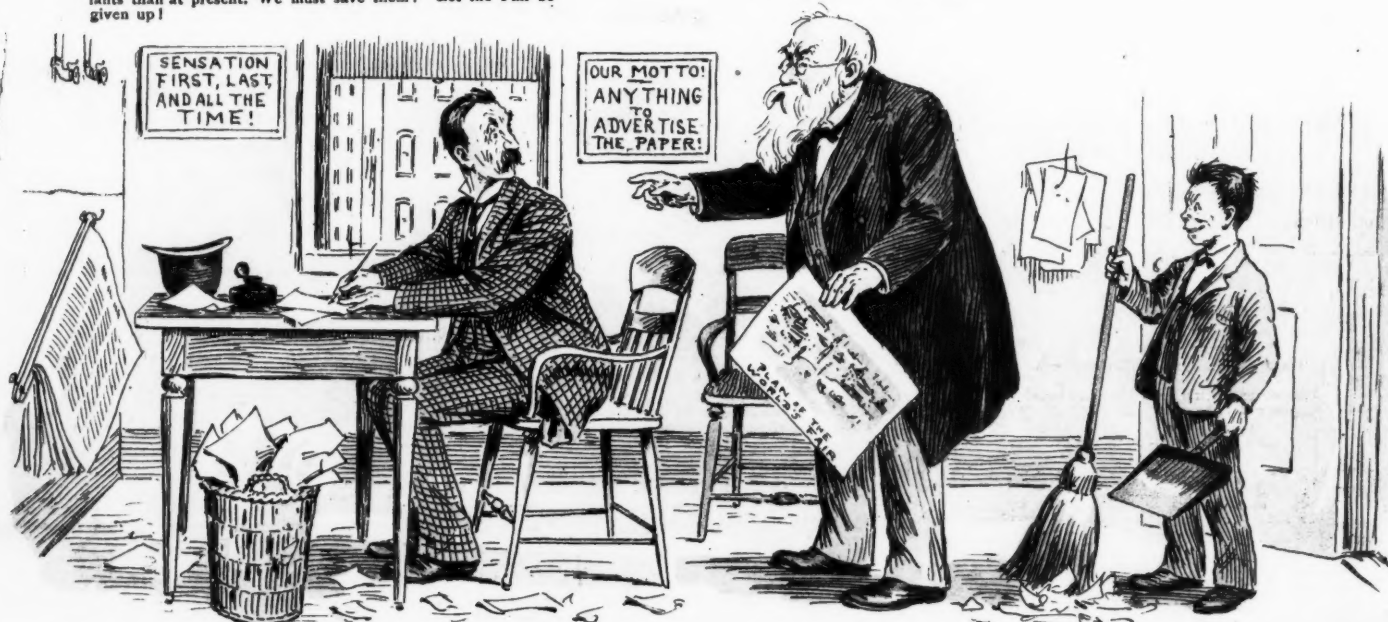
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